10:St. Johnston G-5 (no date)1918
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dered with shady bread-fruit trees and carpeted with beautifully kept short turf, we came suddenly in the darkness upon an avenue of living torch-holders, all seated cross-legged as a mark of respect, and holding aloft their flaring torches of tied up reeds. In each man's hand was a piece of broad banana leaf, hollowed to form a cup, and filled with sand, into which the dropping fiery fragments of the torch were caught. The dancing lights threw into strong relief the powerful features of the men, sitting silent as a row of graven images; while dimly in the shadows behind could be seen rows of spectators, men, women, and children, all silent and motionless until we reached the appointed spot, when, at a given signal by the chief, the deep *tama* was given by a hundred throats, a sound impossible to set down on paper, but not unlike a long-drawn exclamation, "o-o-a."

Taking our seats at one end of this double line, beneath a square canopy of bamboos and many-fronded palm leaves, we found that all was in readiness for the *Kavakavanua*, or ceremony. First of all appeared at the far end of the line a pair of very old men, facing us and kneeling side by side, and holding up on their folded arms a small oblong *tabakau*, or mat of woven coco-nut leaves. They then advanced, still on their knees, and in perfect time, progressing by a curious